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DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

Reader, have you ever seen Donnybrook fair? that far famed spot for drollery and drunkenness, for courting and cudgelling, for gambling and gymnastics, for frolicking and fighting; a scene altogether so diversified and various, so thoroughly characteristic of the lower orders of our countrymen, as to be witnessed on no spot of earth besides our "own dear native Emerald Isle;" the land of the shamrock and the shillelah. Well, if you have never enjoyed an opportunity of seeing Donnybrook before, you may now gaze upon the scene to your heart's content, notwithstanding you should never set foot on Irish ground, nor ever once in your life-time eat an Irish potato, or swallow a naggin of Irish poteen. In the engraving before you, in modest miniature, you have, without a single effort at caricature, an exact and striking representation

of the scene which Donnybrook presents for the space of eight whole days in each year, during the merry month of August. Here a troop of itinerant equestrians, exciting the astonishment of the country clown and the well dressed cit; there a merry-go-round full of boys and girls, getting their penny worth of fun; yonder a tent crowded with lads and lasses, tripping it on "the light fantastic toe;" or gazing in admiration on some heavy legged bog-trotter, footing a horn-pipe to the music of a pair of bag-pipes, or the notes of a half drunken scraper on three strings; while thickly studded round may be seen tents crowded with the drinking and the drunken—the painted prostitute, or the half tipsy youngster lovingly caressing "the girl of his heart," whose flushed cheek and glancing eye, too plainly indicate that she herself has already had a goodly portion of the intoxicating draught; while in the distance in various directions may be seen the waving of the shillelah and heard the brawling

of a party, daring some other to the deadly strife.—But we feel it would be impossible by any description to give so correct an idea of Donnybrook fair, as the engraving affords. Amidst what is considered by some as mere merriment and mirth—we venture to say there is more misery and madness, devilment and debauchery, than could be found crowded into an equal space of ground in any other part of this, our globe, or in any other part of Ireland during five times the same space which is spent at Donnybrook in one given year; and be it remembered the scenes here described are those which take place during the light of day—the orgies of the night, when every species of dissipation and profligacy is practised without restraint, may be better imagined than described. It may be sufficient to say, that it has been calculated, that during the week of Donnybrook fair there is more loss of female character, and greater spoliation of female virtue among the lower orders, than during all the other portions of the year besides. But as our object at present is more to amuse than to moralize, we shall finish our sketch by presenting our readers with a story, descriptive of the evil effects which too frequently ensue to young females from visiting such places of amusement, even in what they may consider proper company; and as mere lookers on.

JANE FITZCHARLES.

James Fitz-Charles was the descendant of a distinguished and once affluent family; but various circumstances had led to the annihilation of their wealth, and all that his parents could bequeath to him was the name of gentleman and a moderate education.

He had married in early life, and became a widower a few years after. Of several children, one daughter only survived; but he frequently observed that *she* more than compensated him for the loss of all.—He loved her, indeed, with more than a father's fondness, and having been disappointed in all his other expectations of enjoyment, he appeared to cling to this last source of earthly happiness with a fervour of affection which no pen can properly describe.

Jane was in many respects a good girl; but having been so soon deprived of her mother, and her father's attention to the duties of his office preventing that oversight which is necessary for the welfare of young people, and ought to be highly accounted of by those who are favoured to possess it—her education had not been a sufficiently guarded one; she was volatile and thoughtless, and too fond of using to its full extent the liberty with which her father indulged her, and which is so congenial to the vivacity of the youthful imagination.

She was about eighteen years of age, when one of her acquaintances, a young and giddy widow, invited her to accompany her to the fair of Donnybrook. The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and they enjoyed in anticipation the scenes of rustic revelry which they expected to witness, but in which they had no intention of participating. The evening was fine, and after a short time spent in observing the various sports that were going forward, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, they were joined by two young men, who endeavoured to attract their attention by lively and witty observations on the scene before them. In such a place, and under such circumstances, an acquaintance is easily formed, and the time passed so agreeably in the company of their new friends, that they were easily persuaded to meet them again on the following evening.

It is not our intention to moralize on the various errors which this young woman was induced to commit, but simply to relate the events which occurred, and to let those events speak for themselves. We would only observe, that there is no lesson which it is of more importance to impress upon the minds of young people—and we have no hesitation in saying, of young females in particular—than the impropriety of forming any acquaintance which they are afraid or ashamed of making known to their parents. Had poor Jane been properly instructed in this respect, from what misery and degradation might she not have been preserved.

The elder of the young men paid her particular attention, and on their second interview professed the attach-

ment with which she had inspired him. His name, he said, was Horace Wentworth: he was then pursuing his studies in the college, but was altogether dependant for his future establishment in life on the will of his uncle, a man of great fortune, but of such pride that he thought no woman could be a suitable match for his nephew, who was not in possession of both wealth and title. These reasons, he said, made him desirous that for the present his affection should be only known to herself: by and by he would have completed his studies; he would then enter into orders, and as several rich livings were in the gift of his family, he made no doubt of obtaining one of them; and then how delightful it would be to avow his attachment, retire into the country with *his* Jane and her father, and in peaceful seclusion smile at the folly of those who barter happiness for grandeur, and prefer the ostentation of high life to the enjoyment which mutual affection only can bestow.

It has been often and truly said, that what we wish for we are always willing to believe; and Jane, at least, was no sceptic. She had conceived a warm attachment for her admirer; she believed his professions to be sincere; and she loved to gaze upon the picture of future enjoyment which he exhibited to her imagination. She thought too, that by an union with Horace, her affectionate father would be released from the drudgery to which he was now compelled to submit, and be advanced to his proper station in society—there was ecstasy in the idea; and she was only awakened from her dream of prospective felicity, to find herself a guilty and forsaken creature, and likely soon to become a mother.

We cannot paint the anguish she now experienced—the deep, deep misery into which she was plunged. Often were her hands raised to heaven in frantic supplication, that God in his mercy would be pleased to deprive her of existence, and preserve her father from the shame and sorrow that awaited him. She was conscious that her situation could not be much longer concealed; and although she endeavoured to hide the affliction which preyed upon her, by an affected gaiety, yet the busy whisper had already circulated amongst her acquaintance, who began to regard her with coldness and suspicion. Her father was grieved and perplexed at the change in her behaviour: her favorite geraniums were neglected, her usual avocations were forsaken; and oftentimes, when she appeared to be reading, he would notice the tears falling from her eyes upon the unturned page. At length, however, the direful secret burst upon him. The increased indisposition of his daughter induced him to apply for medical assistance; and a physician being called in, her situation was at once revealed to him. For a moment the unfortunate father appeared petrified with horror, and the only expression which the bitterness of his grief permitted him to use, was one of thankfulness that his wife, at least, was not a partaker in it. With an affected calmness which ill concealed the agitation under which he laboured, he left his once peaceful habitation, as if in the noise and bustle of the streets he could effect an escape from his own feelings. The evening was fast closing in, and he wandered he knew not whither. On the following morning he was discovered by a sentinel at the Pidgeon-house, lying beneath the wall in a state of insensibility. Happily he was well known there, as the duties of his office frequently led him to visit it, and he was immediately conveyed in a coach to his own house.

The illness of her father seemed to recal Jane from the contemplation of her own misery; day and night she attended upon him with the most unwearied assiduity, and for three weeks she was rarely absent from her station at his bed side. During all this time he remained insensible, and the fever had so far weakened him that the physicians who had been called in could hold out no hope of his recovery. At length, however, they announced the approach of returning reason, and the unhappy daughter had again the gratification of hearing her father call upon her. He held her hand, and gazed on her face with more than his usual fondness: “I think,” said he, “I must have been a long time ill, and I have had a sad, sad dream; but surely it was only a dream.”

“Alas! my father,” exclaimed Jane, “would that it were indeed a dream. Can you, can you forgive me?”

“Can I forgive thee my child? I can and do forgive